

both surprised and delighted at his diction. The sensational reports that are sent broadcast about him do not state that he uses the purest, tersest English. Even so like John Bunyon, he does not speak in Latin. It's Saxon and Saxon at its best. At times there are periods that would do honor to Henry Ward Beecher. And this man's only college was a base-ball diamond. But if one looks

and at times rung his hands. As I looked at him and saw him so thin and frail with nerves all a-tremble for the work of the Lord I thought of Savonarola.

Sunday's magnetic influence over a congregation is not unlike that of Savonarola.

It is Sunday's ready wit that catches the crowd and that makes him a popular idol—for a popular idol he is, let those dispute it

it would take a submarine to find." "If Jesus were coming to your home tomorrow would you take anything out of the ice box?" he asked. "Characters so rotten that they would make a black mark on a lump of coal."

In one period he described Jesus walking down Charles Street. It was a master piece of eloquence, wit and sarcasm. In a recent sermon on vice fifty strong men fainted and had to be carried forth to the little hospital that is provided on the grounds. Here again Sunday suggests the parallel to Savonarola. The usher who sat next me described the effect of that sermon on a man he had helped carry out.

"He closed the sermon with a prayer. I have never heard such a prayer. I confess that tears streamed down my cheeks as he spoke to the Lord like this. 'Now Jesus, look here, I've told them about You the very best I could. I'm so tired that I can't tell them any more. Don't go away and leave me here with all these sinners, Jesus. Please don't go. If You go, I'll go too. Indeed I will! If You go, lots of other people will go. Now, You won't go will You, till all these poor folks have a chance to come to You?'"

Just where the prayer ended and the exhortation began I could not say. He raised his long arm and cried "Come," And they came streaming down the aisles. Each one shook his hand and took a seat in front while a worker took name and address on a card. Some of those who came were poor and plain. Some were positively shabby. Some of the women were elegantly dressed. Some had painted faces and blondined hair. Some worn diamonds and were cultured and refined. Some of the men were in overalls. Sunday reached down and ran his fingers through one young fellow's tousled hair. Some looked as though they had just stepped out of the most exclusive tailor's shop. I was particularly struck with the number of gray haired men and women. Some 240 came crowding forward that night, and the majority appeared over thirty years of age. There were almost no children. He holds special services for the children and they are not supposed to attend the other meetings. There was a pause. He raised his arms and cried "Come on Carnegie," as he appealed to the men of that delegation but the chorus was singing and they did not hear his appeal. Oh, that they had heard it. It would have touched them.

The service was over. It was only nine

Interior of Orange Packing House.

at the shape of his head, the strength of his neck, and into his steel gray eyes it is sufficient—a man is before you. A royal man of giant intellect at that. Let none suppose that Billy Sunday is an ignoramus, a clown or a fool. His use of adjectives is superb. He loves them and he loves them in the superlative degree. He hurls them at you and they cut like a knife. True eloquence like true greatness is always simple, Sunday is simplicity itself. His style is nothing, if not lucid. A child could understand every word.

In the physical man he is slight and so nervous and over-wrought that one fears his strength will not hold for the work already laid out before him. When we called at his temporary home to present an invitation to Norfolk he came down and sat on the arm of Mrs. Sunday's chair. He wore no collar and had on a velvet dressing-gown. As yet he had had no breakfast, though the hour was eleven. He looked tired, and more than tired. He looked wearied and worn and burnt out. Mrs. Sunday watched him closely and begged him to leave and to take refreshment. She always watches him closely. She is a veritable queen. The practice of referring to her as "Ma" had made the impression that we should meet an old woman. Mrs. Sunday is in her prime. We wonder how much of his fame and useful consecration her husband owes to her. If Wesley was cursed in his wife, Sunday is correspondingly blessed. He replied to her protests "I'm not going to leave, Ma. I want to talk to these Norfolk men too. I am going to Norfolk. It's a great city. I know about Norfolk. They have the army and navy there and no end of water. It is a great city, Norfolk is. I am going to Richmond, too. That's a great city, Richmond. So many colleges there, you know. I must go to Richmond." As he talked he ran his fingers through his hair stood first on one foot and then on the other, swayed back and forth

who will. It is this sparkling mother-wit that spices his sermons and calls down upon him the venom of his enemies. And his enemies are only less numerous than his friends, "yes, they hate me," he cried, "And they are all tied up with three knots. First the whiskey crowd hates me. Lord, he cried," throwing up his hands in gesture of despair, "how they hate me! Then those who are off color in their faith, the Christian Scientists, Unitarians, Theosophists and the agnostics, skeptics and all other ties they hate me. The third knot ties up those who are leading a rotten life. They all hate me because I tell them the truth about themselves. It's the same crowd that nailed Jesus Christ to the cross." Mr. Sunday's reputation has been made large-



Orlando an Automobile City.

ly by those who have persecuted and reviled him, and they are still at it. Every issue of the Baltimore papers that I saw had "Letters-to-the-Editors" from "Indignant Mothers" and "Outraged Baltimoreans" and "Shocked Subscribers" and "Plain Truths." None of these attacks are ever noticed or answered. His sermons abound with keen and stinging thrusts. He spoke that night of "Baltimore's immaculate door-steps," which any one could appreciate, if they had been only half an hour on the streets of the Southern metropolis, of "cigarette-sucking women," of "real estate

clock and the sermon was an hour in length. I thought that my watch had stopped. With a policeman in front and Mrs. Sunday behind, they forced their way out one of the rear exits. But even so, the crowd bore down upon him and stopped him time and again.

This is the man that has preached the Gospel to more than any other in the history of the world. He has received the personal pledge to the Christian life of more people than any other man that ever lived.

Norfolk, Va.